

Marjorie Sadin

## A Writing Poem

Writing used to be easy.  
Words chattering like birds.  
They woke me in the morning.

Now it is difficult  
like catching a bird in mid-air,

Once poems broke open  
like eggs.

Now I hack at whole verses like cutting off  
a chicken's head.

Haiku

**Mimosa**

Infatuated,  
I move when you touch me like  
a mimosa plant.

**June Marriage**

We married in June.  
Geese fly South in formation.  
Has it been that long?

**A Sign from Heaven**

Geese honk, fill the street.  
We're faithful, no more troubles.  
A sign from Heaven?

## Heat Wave

DC smolders. Café Rabelais canopy cools  
the customers. I wait tables from 11 AM to 3 AM.

It is one of the hottest days of the summer.  
Before work I have a café au lait and a baguette and after work, a salad Nicoise. Phillip and  
Zavier, run the café. Phillip says, “Move Ze Ass Baby.” Zavier works the bar.

Women drink their Pina Coladas. An old man sips  
espresso. Phillip opens the wine and I serve the customers their pepper steak and Beef Bourgogne.  
I live mostly on tips and my feet burn at night.

A Greek waiter takes me on his motorcycle.  
I go to an Irish pub where they sing A cappella on my day off.

After work I go to the Childe Harold with my straw hat and have two Kahlua and Creams at 3  
in the morning before walking home in the dark.  
I have no time to fall in love.

## **Fireflies**

Crickets and summer heat, the moon still full  
in the blue sky.

I am alone in the morning, and with you  
every night. When I am alone only the sun keeps me company.

Fireflies light up our nights.  
In the darkness, we turn each other on.